

Vol. 1, No. 32

Sept. 4, 1943

POST POLICY*22 WILL RECALL MANY TOLIVE ATSAACC

As of this writing, Post Policy No. 22, dated August 20, 1943, is likely to go down in the history of SAACC like some ringing battle cry like 'Remember the Alamo.'

But to the SAD SAACCs below the first three grades of EM, the song will be 'Remember the Days Before Policy No. 22.'

'Ah,' they will be telling the rookies of 1945, 'those were the days back before Post Policy No. 22.'

Not that we didn't expect it some time or other. Not that we dislike living on the Post with the fellows. Not that army chow isn't the bestest and the mostest for the money. None of these, men; none of these.

For, soldier, if you have not already tuned in to the very audible station T-A-L-K, it is time you learned that effective Sept. 15, 1943, only enlisted men of the first three grades whose dependents reside in the immediate vicinity of this station will be authorized to live off the Post and ration separately.

Well, brother, they say you have to go away from home to appreciate the family, and many an EM, struggling along as a woe-begone yardbird, winning the war in his own little way, is now going to learn to appreciate that little flat in S.A. The petty annoyances will soon be forgotten, and the haggling of the neighbors will linger in his memory as sweet music heard from afar.

And the voice of one's little bambino, punctuating the night with squawks and yee-ows, will no longer bring up those fevers of irritation, that feeling that one is going to shout at the top of his voice, unreasonable as it may seem: 'SHUT UP!' These sounds on those nights will remain as the pleasant memory of times past when all was well within the apartment if not the world.

Herewith, for the benefit of all still wondering GI's, the YARBIRD offers advice and consolation in this form:

You dope, you didn't think you were joining an exclusive fraternity did you? You are in the Army, Pvt. Blow.

"In conformity with G.C.T.C. Memorandum No. 35-54, Headquarters AAFQCTC dated August 18, 1943, EFFECTIVE SEPT. 15, 1943, only enlisted men of the first three grades, whose dependents reside in immediate vicinity of this station will be authorized to live off the Post and ration separately. All current authorizations to enlisted men below the first three grades to live off the post and ration separately will be revoked as of that date."



Representing the SAACC as one unit are representatives from all units. Colonel Davis is shown back of the window of the Cadet Center Bank, making his initial bond sale to Miss Ernestine Swafford, civilian employee. In the line behind her, awaiting their turn are Cadet F.E. McCready, Jr., representing the cadets; M/Sgt. R.C. Keim, of Hq. and Hq. Squadron, AAFCC, symbolizing the role of the EM in the campaign; and 1st Sgt. Louis D. Shaw, of the 28th Aviation Squadron, representing the colored EM's organizations.

FIRST BONDS SOLD HERE AS THIRD CAMPAIGN STARTS

Col. Michael F. Davis, commanding officer of SAACC, has changed roles for a few moments and is shown here taking orders. This time he is enthusiastically opening the San Antonio Aviation

Brazil's Minister Visits SAACC



Maj. Gen. Eurice Gaspar Dutra, minister of war of Brazil, (left) is shown visiting SAACC, where a group of his countrymen are training. He was welcomed by Colonel M. F. Davis, the CO, who arranged a reception at Service Club No. 1.

General Dutra was accompanied by Col. Jose Bina Machado, chief of the cabinet of the minister of war; Lt. Gen. Courtney H. Hodges, commanding general of the Third Army; and Maj. Gen. J.G. Ord, senior U.S. delegate to the joint U.S.-Brazil defense commission.

Cadet Center's participation in the third U.S. war loan campaign with a national goal of 15 billion dollars.

These representatives of post personnel are starting on the goal of \$19,000,000 set for Bexar County in the drive which continues on the Post until September 25th.

Major James H. Mickey, Post Bond and Insurance Officer, said the drive will be carried on here by making bonds and stamps available to all enlisted organizations and the cadets. All denominations of stamps and bonds will be sold.

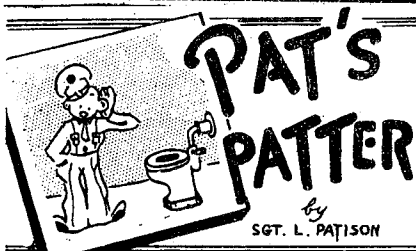
'Certificates will be delivered to the purchaser within four or five days at the latest,' he said.

Certificates of commendation will be issued to organizations whose members purchase more than ten percent of their gross payroll during September. These certificates will bear the signature of Colonel Davis and will be issued through the Bond and Insurance Office.

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Good Evening--

Is this tropical heat getting you down? Your worries are practically over. We have it on good authority that swimming pools are now planned for the SAACC.

The problem then will be, how to get time off to make use of them.

In the course of a Cadet's training, he is given college subjects so it wouldn't surprise us if a goldfish eating class were added to the course. Swimming pools make ideal fish ponds.



Imagine being washed out because you can't stomach one of the wiggly little beggars.

Perhaps Isaac Walton will be assigned to the field as chief angler. Wouldn't hurt some of us to learn a few new angles.

How did we ever get on the subject of fish? The only water I've seen on the Post is the time the skunk family was flushed out from the culvert near the fire house.

GOLDBRICKS EXPELLED FROM HOSPITAL!

Something new has been added to SAACC. All GIs going into the hospital in the future will find that there will be something to do while you are convalescing.

The Convalescent Training Program has been inaugurated in the hospital. The program is a new departure in military convalescence, and the main purpose is to hasten a man's recovery and return him to duty with as little time lost as possible.

The plan was conceived in December, 1942, by Col. Howard A. Rusk, M.C. while he was stationed at the hospital at Jefferson Barracks, Mo. He contended that a man who had reached the convalescent stage should have something to do to occupy his mind and his hands so that he would not become bored by his own existence.

He presented his idea to Brig. Gen. Grant, Air Surgeon, and to Gen. A.A. Arnold, Chief of the Air Corps, who recognized its merit and ordered its establishment in all Air Force hospitals through AAF Memo 25-9. Col. Rusk has now been transferred to Washington and placed in charge of the entire Convalescent Training Program.

The station hospital at SAACC started the program in January, 1943 on a small scale, by giving supervised physical training and showing training films to those patients who were in the convalescent wards.

Back to our subject of last week's discussion. Limited Service. Now there's a rumor that the lame boys will be sent home.

Not meaning to lower your morale, but how would you like to be a civilian and have the privilege of paying land tax, income tax, poll tax, and any number of taxes?



On top of that you can figure how to use ration books, go on strike, live through blackouts, have a service man steal your girl, and have people ask, "Why aren't you in uniform?"

Then you can pay for your own food, clothing, doctors, dentists, rent, travel and union dues. Wonderful future, isn't it?

Well, no more gripes for this evening. Let's go before we wander further from the subject.

Now the program has been enlarged and set up as a regular service in the hospital, every man upon being admitted is immediately placed upon one of three types of program. All bed patients are classified for the 'red program'. Those who are out of bed most of the day and are allowed outside of their ward are placed on a 'blue program'. The patient who has practically recovered and who is soon to be returned to duty is on a 'green program'. The placing of the patient on one of these programs is done by the medical officer in charge of the ward. He also determines the amount of PT which each man will have.

Men on the blue and green programs attend various types of classes in Bldg. 3551, in the hospital. This building has been converted into class rooms, project rooms, and headquarters for the staff in charge of the training program. A complete work shop has been installed also, where the patient can build model aircraft, which are later used for identification classes. Other types of work now being done include classes in naval identification, first aid, map sketching, camouflage, foreign languages, care and assembly of small arms, lectures on military subjects, training films and PT.

Men on the blue program are required to have one half hour of PT each morning and afternoon. Those on the green program have one hour PT in the morning and afternoon. The latter program includes the more strenuous exercises and cross country.

The hospital has been divided into four blocks for administrative purposes. Each block is in charge of an EM of the Detachment Medical Department and is a member of the training staff. The staff and the program are under the direct supervision of Capt. G.W. Hildreth, MAC. The EM working with the Captain are Sgt. T. Graham, T/4 James Thoenes, T/4 Charles McDonough, T/5 Harry Leong, PFC Edward Carlson, and PFC Charles Stone. The EM on the PT staff include Sgt. Henry Solomon, Cpl. Nathan Helfand, and Pvt. Raymond Mitchell.

So from now on GIs are not going to have as much time to get caught up on correspondence, or on favorite western or mystery magazines, but will come out of the hospital in much better physical condition.

by T/4 Clifton Coleman

'GET INTO THE DRIVE with BONDS'



THE STAFF

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SQ. PROP WASH



PFC ERWIN GOODMAN

Browsing around the Barracks' diminutive libraries. Who's reading what? Dahlin, 'Roosevelt-Dictator or Democrat'; Phillips, 'The Doctors Mayo'; Laurito, 'Sports and Games'; Anderson, 'Bible'; Chiozza, 'The Varieties of Temperament'; Levine, 'The Power to Love'; M. Gordan, 'My Name Is Aram'; Hobden, 'The Secret Life of Salvador Dali'; Adams, 'The Analysis of Art'; Sprow, 'Western Star'; Kellar, 'A Time For Greatness'; Meissner, 'Science and Sanity'; Lassman, 'Abnormal Psychology'; Rochlin, 'The Practice of Group Work'; Willerman, 'The Design of Experiments'; Feiner, 'Love Against Hate'; Woodruff, 'The Chinese Orange Mystery'; Olson, 'Audubon'; Wiley, 'The Web and The Rock'; Goodman, 'How To Be Happy Though Human'.

Secrets of a mail clerk: Recipient of most correspondence-Pvt. Seaman with Pvt. Feiner and Cpl. Anderson running a close second. Prominent 'form' letter receiver-Sgt. Shimberg. Highest expectations, minimum happiness-PFC Lassman. Receives most colorful enveloped letters-Pvts. Fortune and Mungler (previously it was PFC Willerman and you know what happened to him.) Approach mail orderly like anxiety hysterics-PFC Robbins, Sgt. Kirk and Sgt. Hudson. (Cpl. Hobden was never that way.) A person whose blood relatives you'd think had a magazine monopoly-Sgt. Armitage. Most frustrated Time and Life receivers-Lt. Erickson and Cpl. Harris. Slightly paranoid-Cpl. Williams. (Thinks I hold back and read his 'Life' and letters.) Correspondence is my thread of existence here in Texas-PFC Wilson. Books, Books, Books-PFC Hanborsky. A mode on the normal curve-Sgt. Kellar.

Personal abnormalities Army life may breed:--Neck and facial tic - caused by keeping collar buttoned and perspiring. The salute tic - E.S.P. ing an expectant salute and no reciprocation. Catatonic schizophrenic - coming to attention and remaining at same for varied periods of time. Delusions of grandeur - O.C.S. aspirants, ratings coming out next week, etc. Narcissism - Second Lieutenant on graduation day. Hypochondriasis - sick call at 7:45. Claustrophobia - weekly gas mask incarceration. Anxiety neurosis - unexpected visitations by high ranking officers. Compulsion neurosis - the shining of shoes at all odd moments.



Some weeks before Benny Mussolini took it on the lam he sent his boys in Sicily a message which said he was with 'em in spirit. Bet he wishes he was with 'em now in the flesh so he could surrender and retire to a nice comfortable prison camp in America instead of having to explain to Adolf what went wrong.

BUY WAR BONDS FELLERS!



881 CHATTER

by S/Sgt. Jack Schlichenmayer

It's coming...it's coming...it came. What? Sgt. McCabe's baby. Yes, sir...an eight pound baby boy. congratulations, Mac!

We are wondering about that certain Sgt. in Group C that has discontinued calling the little lady at the info office. Could someone be pulling his rank, Sgt?

Good news for the party goers. Yes sir! Maj. Dan and Capt. Orlov have given permission for the 881st party. Now it's up to you to see that the party is a success. Get behind it and let's have a bang up party.

A certain mail orderly in Group A is on the verge of a nervous breakdown. (Bucking for ???)

Well boys, the pressure is off. Cpl. Pelekoudas is now a Sgt. Thank God...He almost killed me at PT with his bucking.

Sgt. McCabe, S/Sgt. Donovan and S/Sgt. Schlichenmayer seen at their usual beer drinking place with a couple of British RAF Sgts. I hear they were getting the low-down on the English women. If I guess right, this info will be sold for a nominal fee to those men going to England.

Sgt. (Orderly Room) Miller, walking around with a face that would stop a clock...Why??? His one and only seems to be going out of town on her vacation. Well, Miller...take one of the other sisters.

1st Sgt. Casto's first words when he walks into a PX or department store and I quote, 'What is the newest perfume you have in stock?' and he ain't in the dog house, either. Micky just keeps him on the ball.

Well boys, it looks like you will have a few new members to help you G-I the barracks on Friday nights, now that all enlisted men below the first three grades must move back to the field. A little suggestion, forming a T S barracks for these men only.

Until next time with lotions of T S tickets, I remain your 881st Correspondent Twalter Twitchell. with this to say-'KEEP ON THE BALL. YOU'RE BEING WATCHED!'

HQ & HQ NOTES

PFC Jack Van Hoesen

What gives here? Could I be dreaming? Is it true? A lot of true blue GIs applying for the Gadgets. Yes! It has finally happened -- those little posters, 'You too can be an Aviation Kadet', have finally taken effect. PFC Kasper, PFC 'Skippy' Hanlon, and many other stout fellows have already been accepted. Keep 'em flying and happy landings!

Of all things! Yes those ong expected ratings have finally arrived at C.C. Supply: PFC Leon Patlach; PFC Joe 'Cowboy' Prowe, PFC Joe Baglio, Cpl. 'Ace' Inghram, Cpl. Meredith, Cpl. Dillen, Cpl. Robertson, S/Sgt. Harris, T/Sgt. Kunickas, M/Sgt. Rea, and yours truly PFC. HURRAY, HURRAY! Cigars and more cigars.

Still a few sore tummies from PT set-ups. Ouch! Some of these beavers are still doing them (set-ups). Wait until Atlas hears about this.

Our very best wishes and congratulations to PFC Kasper and the very lovely Mrs. Kasper. Yes! They are expecting and it must be a boy.

What three characters, whoops, gentlemen, are laying them in the aisles at the USO, C.C. Supply and other places? Could it be Cpl. Manning, PFC Janas and PFC Burgess? Not only could it be but it is these three noteworthy fellows who are, I think, the successors to the Ritz Brothers. Keep 'em laughing you all.

PFC Leon Patlach soon to leave for A.S.T.P. -- I hope you like Russia fine.

Sgt. (Doc) Warner still shouting the praises of his famous swamp root remedy (good for what ails you). Another month of this and I'll buy a bottle. It has been rumored that the Doc's second love is a really big Swedish gal from the butter and egg country of Minnesota.

Sgt. (Carpet-bagger) Ford very loudly protesting that I don't clean OUR area to his satisfaction. Ain't that awful?



Craig Wood and other big time golfers had better start looking for some other job as our own PFC Joe 'Cowboy' Prowe is now shooting in the low eighties and doing better every time. I have always wanted to know a big time golfer. Here is my chance.

Riddle of the week: What Sgt. in Headquarters Squadron spends his Sunday afternoons in someone else's closet? Brave fellow.

Cpl. DuPont, the junior member of the wolfateers, has slept a total of 240 hours and gained five pounds in the twenty days since the wolfateers returned from their three day pass in Houston. In case anyone is in doubt, the two senior members of this rather wolfish trio are S/Sgt. Johns and S/Sgt. Robertson.

A PICTURE OF OUR SAACC PHOTOGRAPHERS

By S/Sgt. William Shryock

The way we 'shutter bugs' figure it, you couldn't fight the battle of Texas without a photo lab. Now that we're in a new, big, modern lab built to do things the right way photographically we get a kick out of thinking back over the months to a year or so ago.

How we did grow.

Late last October, some academic expansion pushed us out of the code room. One bright, sunshiny day, (as Auburn says) we moved to a new stand nearer the EM Mess. We loaded up our meager supplies and put sinks, tables, gadgets (not cadets) in the new home. The first load came when carpenters were still building the dark rooms with fourth hand lumber. But 24 hours later prints were coming out. The washers were swirling and the dryers were smoking.

We felt rather good about it. We had a room for office and finishing work, one for portrait stuff, a supply room, a chemical mixing room. You might say, we were cooking with gas and it felt that way too over the dryers.

As the months rolled by, our job grew with each class. We used to shoot a class in batches of ten at a time, taking each shot separately. Only ten men could get in the room together. But now we enter and leave the camera rooms (get that 'rooms') at the rate of one cadet every three to five seconds. We can and have 'shot' as many as 1,500 men in one hour. We do it the hard way, one at a time.

We became proud of the quality of our work which rates a commendation from the commanding general of the Central Flying Training Command and we thought that meant 'we were pretty good.' (a modest lot of men, these photogs.)

Now we're finally situated in a building of our own. It's something we've dreamed about since the beginning when we had the back of a code room. We started with a 'T-Model' and now have a good new car. Instead of Lieutenant, it is now Captain Holst. Trimble went to Photo School at Yale and came back Lt. Trimble. Browning left us as a staff and is now, we hear, 'in the thick of it.' S/Sgt. Flemming (Flemming's amalgamated follies) left for Salt Lake recently. In place of three men and one officer, we now have

31 GIs and two officers. We traded the tail end of a tiny code room for a complete photographic laboratory that any post in the country would be proud to have.

Some of our men who turned out top rate performance include Miles who did a developer very cleverly; then Peterson is the idea man and that's no lie -- a PR man for sure, and there's Barreth another ace at this (with only five machines to keep in hand). Short, blond DeLay is the NCO who sees that it all clicks and in addition to being a 'personality man' he knows his administrative stuff. These men are a few of the braintrusts assisted by a lot of hard-working GIs.

And all our work is strictly GI, too. We don't do any aerial work - know why? and we can't touch your roll of 120 or 616. Making portraits is not in our line. You go to a studio for that.

Capt. H.E. Holst, officer in charge of the lab, found three of us, Browning, a sergeant from Foster Field; Trimble, a photog from New Mexico, and yours truly, after an interview one day last August. He already had three men working for him but they didn't claim to be 'shutter bugs.'

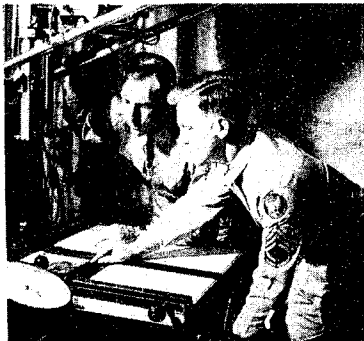


Photo No. 1--PFC Patrick J. Grimsdidi, left, and PFC Virgil E. Blanton, right, check over the intricate mechanism of their Speed Graphic--envy of many a camera hound. You take fast action shots with it.

Photo No. 2--Dark secret between Capt. H.E. Holst and T/Sgt. Maurice M. DeLay. We think they were talking about the colored light on that print, or were they just posing for this shot?

Photo No. 3--No, it isn't Monday when the fellows do their washing. In the lab it's done every day. Left to right: PFC Henry J. Zawadski, PFC James E. Crow, and Pvt. Louis Ferdatta. That thing in the middle is what they call a washing machine.

Photo No. 4--Dealing from the bottom of the deck? Nope, he's lifting some negatives out of the developer, or something. Anyway, left to right is PFC Alfred G. Dimmick, PFC John A. Bartolomei, and PFC Forrest V. Card, all looking rather eager in this picture.

Photo No. 5--There they are at that sink again, but this time it's Cpl. Merton E. Smith, S/Sgt. Elroy G. Berreth, and Sgt. Kenneth A. Carroll, and they look interested, don't they? Probably laying plans for another 509th party!

Photo No. 6--The big thing in this view is the copy camera, pride of the lab. The little things around it are, left, PFC Alex J. Boggar and Cpl. Jack D. Haler who is spinning the wheels into motion. We believe this is the technical term.



BUY THEATER COUPON BOOKS

WD Theater books save you 30¢ when you go to the movies ten times. Get one today!

When we were about to enter the lab, the Captain mentioned the fact that practically all our equipment were still 'due to arrive.' The lab was the tail end of a code room over there by the big water tower at the top of the hill. Inside was a pile of lumber, tar paper, a desk and no phone; most of our equipment was 'chiselled' from other fields.

New stuff came one piece at a time, and when the big ones came we celebrated. You see, most of the things on our must list were removed by someone else with a higher priority. We learned, army fashion, how to make bricks without straw, and made our sinks out of one by six boards and tar paper.

Our staff grew. Flemming came in September with Miles, Berreth, Peterson, and Auburn on the next train or so, then Soffian, and in November DeLay came from Randolph, our NCO in charge. More work, more men.

BUY A BOND

BROTHERS MAKE MUSIC

Harmony is the key to every band. In the 348th Band Sq. there are three sets of brothers who are blowing it out of their windpipes for the SAACC band.



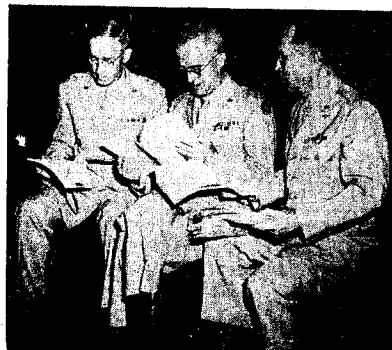
Pictured above are, standing from left to right, Sgts. Perry Roberts and J. T. Roberts, PFC. Leverett North, Cpl. Leonard, kneeling from left to right are: S/Sgt. William J. Stringfellow, and Sgt. Charles R. Stringfellow.

Prior to military service, the North brothers were electricians, Sgt. Perry Roberts was a butcher for a large chain store, Sgt. J. T. Roberts was a professional musician, S/Sgt. Stringfellow was employed by the U. S. Postal Dept. and Sgt. Stringfellow was a newspaper advertising man. All six men hail from Northeast Texas and without exception are very proud of it.

RAF PILOTS LIKE MEAT, P-38s

The "low down" on the Battle of Britain was gotten recently by a few members of the 881st Sq. who had the good fortune of meeting two RAF pilots from the Bahamas.

GENERALS VISIT SAACC



Col. Michael F. Davis, (right) commanding officer, and the SAACC were hosts to Lt. Gen. Courtney H. Hedges, (center) commanding general of the third Army, with headquarters at Ft. Sam Houston, and Maj. Gen. J.G. Ord, (left) senior U.S. delegate to the joint Brazil-U.S. Defense Commission. The generals accompanied Maj. Gen. Eurico Gaspar Dutra, Minister of War of Brazil, and a group of Brazilian and U.S. officers on a visit to the Cadet Center.

The pilots, Sgts. Nimmo and Blackwell, were in the San Antonio area recently for repairs on their B-24 Liberator Bomber, which they had been flying on patrol in the Atlantic area.

At first a little reticent about telling of their experiences, the two RAF ers finally warmed to the subject and told quite a yarn.

They have been in the RAF five years and fought most of that time over Britain, participating in the heroic defense of the tiny isle during the 'Battle of Britain.'



Between them they have shot down 186 enemy planes.

Their likes for things American run from the P-38 to hamburgers. On the question of American built airplanes, they expressed no dislike for any U.S. craft, but the only plane they consider on a par with an English built fighter is the P-38 'Lightning.'

On the subject of food and drink, they were more enthusiastic. The abundance of food in the States was amazing to them. According to a statement made by one, they received as much meat in an American hamburger as was the average meat ration in England for a week.

The boys were quite impressed with American women and were awed at the American girl's familiarity. They stated that an American going to England will get along better with the English lassies if they go slower with them than they do with the American girls.

Nimmo and Blackwell stated they thought the Americans were a 'Swell lot' and 'We feel that if for no other reason, the only good thing about this war is the fact that we will meet so many nice people we would not have been able to meet otherwise.'

They explained the English system of ratings for enlisted men, and embarrassed a few of the boys when they stated that in the English scheme of things, the Technical Administrative Clerk is the lowest form of animal life.

They have five classifications, the highest of which is the Technical branch, mechanics, pilots, etc.; next in order are the Radio men; next Supply men; Cooks and bakers; and last and in this case least, the administrative personnel.

The boys, 22 and 23 years old respectively, look about 30 from the strain of their years as first line combat pilots.

Now stationed at Nassau, The Bahamas, a 17 by 7 mile island utterly devoid of women, they were sent to San Antonio for a rest and repairs to their bomber.

Their biggest amusement while here was drinking beer and singing songs of their old country.

They left in San Antonio newly found friends and some new jokes and a lot of laughs. By 'Slick'

IT HAS HAPPENED HERE!!



Sports

By s/sgt. Bill Morgan



SAACC SLAPS HONDO

Sunday, August 29, SAACC Field. This was the day, and this was the game. It just had to be, or else, and thanks to Woody Johnson's steady six-hit pitching and Freddie Scheske's

home run in the third inning, SAACC shaved Hondo's lead to 1/2 game by winning 1-0 on the local diamond. Scheske and Donaldson pulled a couple of sweet fielding plays which kept Hondo at bay, and coming at very opportune times for Johnson.

In the third inning Stickney lined what appeared to be sure double or more into left center field, and Scheske came from nowhere to make a beautiful running catch. Not content with this, he plastered his homer with two out in the third inning for the game's lone run.

In the seventh, Hondo threatened again, with one away and Poole on first, Wilson lined what appeared a sure hit over Donaldson's head, only Donaldson had other ideas and engaged the ball in a wild leap and turned it into a neat double play.

Johnson gave the fans something to cheer about in the fifth as Poole singled with nobody out. Johnson then trapped him off first by about a dozen feet.

Errante was right and pitched good enough ball to win, except for the home run ball served up to Scheske in the third.

HONDO	AB	R	H
Stickney	3b	4	0
Martin	lf	3	0
Nadara	2b	2	0
Russell	1b	3	0
Hartung	rf	4	0
Phillips	cf	4	0
Poole	ss	4	0
Wilson	c	3	0
Errante	p	4	0
Tidwell		1	0
		32	0

* Batted for Wilson in 9th

SAACC	AB	R	H
Cooper	1b	4	0
Scheske	cf	3	1
Cox	ss	4	0
Slaughter	rf	3	0
Wilber	c	3	0
Pluss	lf	1	0
Tucker	3b	2	0
F. Ducos	2b	1	0
Donaldson	2b	2	0
Johnson	p	3	0
		28	1

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
HONDO	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	2
SAACC	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	X	1	5
Errante and Wilson;												
Johnson and Wilber:												

It doesn't come very often, but when it does--oh, boy, does it come! What? Why, Texas rain, of course!

SAACC TRIPS BROOKS IN TEN INNING THRILLER 5-4

Playoff Comes Near

Continuing their stretch drive for a chance in the Shaughnessy playoffs, the SAACC boys refused to give up and nipped Brooks in the tenth inning when Frank Ducos singled with Slaughter on second for the winning run, and Woody Johnson hung up another win.

Brooks started the tea-party by getting three hits in a row in the first to load the bases, and Kott singled home two runs. After that, Johnson was stingy with runs and tight in the clutches with men on base.

SAACC got one in the first on a hit by Cooper, a fielders choice, and an error by Pearman in fumbling a grounder by Slaughter, then a wild throw to the plate.

SAACC tied it up in the third on Cox's triple and Slaughter's single, and took a 4-2 lead in the fifth on a double by Scheske, Cox's walk, Slaughter's single and Wilber's double.

Brooks got 1 in the seventh on a double and two singles, and tied it up in the ninth when Midkiff doubled, was sacrificed to third, and scored on Pearman's single.

BROOKS	AB	R	H
Fikes	lf	4	1
Pearman	1b	5	1
Schuck	cf	5	0
Kazak	2b	5	0
Kott	3b	5	0
Henny	ss	5	0
Linski	c	4	0
Villareal	rf	4	1
Midkiff	p	4	1
		41	4

SAACC	AB	R	H
Cooper	1b	5	0
Scheske	cf	5	2
Cox	ss	4	2
Slaughter	rf	5	1
Wilber	c	5	0
Pluss	lf	4	0
Tucker	3b	3	0
Donaldson	2b	3	0
Johnson	p	4	0
F. Ducos	3b	2	0
		40	5

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	R	H	E
Brooks	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	4	14	4
SAACC	1	0	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	1	5	10	1
Midkiff and Linski;													
and Wilber:													

SAACC SMOTHERS NORMOYLE BY 15-0

NORMOYLE FIELD: -- SAACC visited Normoyle and fattened its batting averages and kept in the races to overtake Hondo for the fourth position and the right to meet Randolph Field in the playoffs.

Cooper led off with a long homerun into right center, but could do no better than one run in the first. In the second however, Tucker doubled, Donaldson tripled, Cooper doubled, Scheske singled, Cox tripled, Pluss singled, and Wilber hit a long home run. Normoyle brought in a new pitcher, Chrisco, who walked Tucker, who stole second and third bases, walked Donaldson, and Bower singled in another run, the ninth of the inning. Both teams decided to play only seven innings at this point.

Bower pitched the first three innings, giving up only one hit, and was replaced by Dick Mulligan in the fourth who pitched the next three innings fanning 5 men, allowing three hits, two of which were infield scratches and issuing only one pass. Garland tossed the seventh and struck out two men.

SAACC	AB	R	H
Cooper	1b	4	3
Scheske	cf	5	2
Hendrix	cf	0	0
Cox	ss	2	1
Pluss	lf	3	2
J. Ducos	lf	1	0
Wilbur	c	4	2
F. Ducos	3b	4	0
Tucker	3b	3	3
Johnson	rf	1	0
Donaldson	2b	3	2
Finfrok	2b	0	0
Bower	p	3	0
Mulligan	p	1	0
Garland	p	1	0
		35	15

Normoyle	AB	R	H
Furlow	2b	4	0
Janik	3b-p	3	0
Savoda	p-lf	2	0
Merlino	ss	3	0
Fletcher	rf	3	0
Spielman	cf	3	0
Popovich	1b	2	0
Chrisco	lf-p-rf	3	0
Revecky	c	2	0
Deskins		1	0
		28	0

* Hit for Popovich in 7th.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
SAACC	0	9	3	2	0	0	0	15	16	1
Normoyle	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	2
Bower, Mulligan, Garland										
and Wilber; Savoda, Chrisco,										
Janik and Revecky:										

DOWN SPORTS AVENUE

The time has finally arrived when the SAD SAACC has come to life and in a do-or-die situation, they are playing ball. This fact has come to light in the recent games in which Freddie Scheske has started powdering the ball to the extent that he has become the most improved hitter in the league. Dave Pluss, left-fielder, has been a sensation hitter ever since his first game with the SAACCs and is batting around .490, which is pretty fair hitting, even in the Service League. Only the fact that he hasn't played enough games keeps him from being among the league leaders. Slaughter, by getting four hits out of five trips in the Brooks game, is now hitting a cool .500.

Lt. Del Wilber needs 5 more runs-batted-in to have 100 r-b-i's for the season, with Slaughter, his closest rival, being over a dozen behind. Wilber's home run in the Normoyle game gave him the leadership in that department with 13. This drive was a Ruthian wallop that travelled over 500 feet, and Wilber had crossed the plate before the fielder had retrieved the ball.

NEED A LAWYER CHUM?

If your blacksheep brother-in-law is trying to do you out of an nest egg, the legal aid boys will hold up your end of the battle. And if the landlord has been threatening to toss your wife and kiddies out, the Army will go to bat for you.

More than 600 legal assistance offices have been established in military installations in the U.S. and abroad to aid soldiers. This program was started several months ago by the American Bar Association and the War Department as a contribution to the esprit-de-corps and efficiency of sol-

diers whose civilian affairs need attention.

This legal service does not include military courts-martial, nor can the military personnel of the legal

assistance offices appear in civil courts on behalf of their clients.

At each legal assistance office, officers and noncoms of the Judge Advocate General's Department advise soldiers on legal problems. Most JAG personnel were lawyers in civilian life.

Every Thursday at 14:00 the members of the San Antonio Bar Association will meet in the Board Room at Post Hq. Bldg. 1000, to give this legal assistance to all military personnel at SAACC. This is in addition to the free legal advice given to all members of the post from 08:00 to 16:45 at the office of the Post Judge Advocate, Bldg. 1000.



YB VISITS THE WACS

Say, Jackson, what do you know about those "sisters-in-arms" at Kelly Field? Soon as you read these names and study their faces, drop down at Cafe #4 outside Kelly Field proper. After you tell them that you saw their picture in the paper, well, that should start you.

Like GI's, they have fatigue, summer and winter uniforms.

Their lapel insignia is the sculptured likeness of Pallas Athene, the Greek goddess of council. On enlisted uniforms it is on a circular disc, and outlined for officers.

Here are some photos of the WAC's from the 754th WAC Post Hq. Co. at Kelly Field.

Who said the WAC's don't work? In picture no. 1 is Pvt. Helen Yeska working in the photographic laboratory.

Call to Colors. Photo No. 2, is being sounded by WAC buglers - Agnes C. Wasilk and Vera J. Stewart, as the

Corps becomes an integral part of the Army and its members full-fledged soldiers.

"I solemnly swear," - and the WAC's become part of the Army as they are being sworn in. - Photo No. 3.

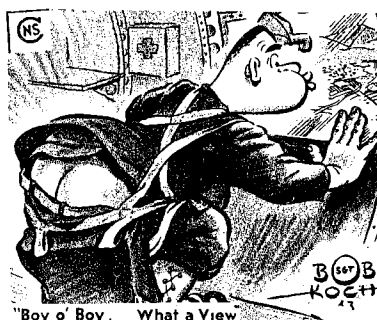
Photo No. 4
Variety best characterizes the 754th WAC Co.'s collection of pets. Left is Lt. Mary Nelson holding a dog and Cpl. Ceil Levine petting a raccoon.

In Photo No. 5, seven gals in a jeep should be a good picture for any day, especially when the girls are WAC's. From left to right in the back seat are PFC's Hildergarde Jaehn, Elizabeth Thomas, and Robert Liebman. In the front seat are Pvt. Lillamae

Thompson and Kathleen Benton, and PFC Catherine Anderson.

Something new for the WAC's will be qualifying on the rifle range. - Photo No. 6. Here PFC Ruth Tokowitz and Pvt. Virginia Larson get their first taste of what shooting an Army rifle is like.

Photo No. 7 shows the WAC's in their own mess hall. Yes, they too pull KP.



"Boy o' Boy. What a View"



By PFC Julian P. Levinson

I had hoped to have an item about our squadron's first birthday. But what with the Major away, it would be having a party without a host, so I shall hold off a bit and wait for his return.

Some day when I return to civilian life, and while I am driving leisurely along the Long Island highway, I shall peruse the sundry billboards with interest and expectation. For one day and without a doubt, I shall see the face of a corporal comrade of mine. His face will be tilted toward the heavens and his blue eyes will shine with the lustre a commercial artist can only impart. And probably peering down upon the face of my one time associate will be the face of an exotic, vivacious, not to mention gorgeous woman. He would have it no other way. He may well be the new star of MGM, or he may be the trademark for an aphrodisiac concern; but he will be synonymous with that battered word 'love'.

'Kissable Lips Cooper,' they call him in the 1043rd. The only man that isn't content with the proverbial triangle. He has launched himself into the more intricate geometrics of amour, and has come up with a veritable polygon. To try and enumerate the sides of his love figure is nigh on to impossible. But it starts on the hill with a familiar but elusive face; continues on to S.A.; reverts back to the various Pks of SAACC; then careens madly about the mesquite shadowed highways of South Texas.

He has no need for an inquiring reporter survey to place him among the lovers of SAACC. He has been acclaimed, yes, he has been heralded by his followers.

I know not his technique; his approach is vague in my mind. I can't even give you the phone numbers.



By Sgt. Charles Stringfellow

A COMPLETE string section has been added to the personnel of The Hilltop City Radio Orchestra. They are Pvt. Alex Bokel, viola; Pvt. Isadore Cohen, Pvt. Robert H. Stein, Pvt. Gene Lombardi, and Pvt. Lynn Phegley, violins.

The SAACC band is playing parades each Monday and Friday for the enlisted men of the Classification Center, and the concert band is giving concerts each Friday afternoon at the hospital area and Wednesday nights in front of Preflight Headquarters.

Once a month a program is given for recuperating patients of Brooks General Hospital, Fort Sam Houston, by the Hilltop City Orchestra, under the direction of B/Sgt. Fite. Also taking part in the program is the Cadet Glee Club, under the direction of Lt. Hugh Thomas, and The Southern Flyers, a colored quartette of enlisted men of SAACC.

The Doc says it's going to be a boy for PFC and Mrs. Spencer, which means there'll probably be another trumpet ace in years to come.

By special request, PFC Marshall Davenport would like anyone finding a stray clarinet or saxophone to please notify him immediately.

882ND HAS ITS FUN

By Seymour Terry

(Flash! Wolf branch of 882nd has party at SAACC Picnic Grounds! All EM in squadron attended, naturally!)

All week wherever the boys of the 882nd gathered, voices were hushed, hearts beat quickly, and flushed faces were in evidence. For 'Sansone's' disciples were preparing themselves for their squadron party! The day, Saturday, the 22nd, was soon to arrive and never was a sweet sixteen party awaited so expectantly.

Everybody had chipped in for the affair (exact amount is of course a military secret: aid and comfort to our rivals you know!) and a committee composed of such stalwarts in 'l'affaires de femme' as Greg Adams, Gee Scharmett, T.S. Toney, and 'Mama's pistol packin' boy' Castile, had taken over the job of organizing the party.

Rumor had it that the Milwaukee Chamber of Commerce was sending down a boxcar of Schlitz and that Col. Ovita



by T/4 C.E. Coleman

From what we hear at the MPU, people in civilian life are having hard times, but it didn't seem to effect Big Dog for he seemed to be a few days late returning from his furlough, so he is now enjoying the peace and quiet??? of his boudoir (barracks).

Few of the boys have their hopes up for there's a rumor that a few fellows may leave the SAACC -- the poor fellows have only two years of service, so rumors, Sgt. Vits, Sgt. Heater, and Cpl. Green, still originate in the little room around the corner.

Furloughs are still a very popular subject in any man's unit, so far several have been free each fifteen days. It is the plan of Lt. Moody that every man have one as soon as possible.

Taking the place of Victor Bowman is like stepping into the part in a play someone else has made successful. It is very hard to fill old shoes with inexperience, for when you read this column you will see that age helps... they say... but when in doubt never ask why. That's all for this week.

The Wolf by Sansone



"Go ahead--don't be bashful!"

Culp Hobby had hand-picked 300 of her girls to represent the WACs. Those of us who had been in Texas for less than a year--and therefore were still sane--discounted these reckless tales, but hoped that the first part of the rumor was right anyhow. And if worse came to worse, we'd even drink Lone Star (after tearing off the labels on the bottles!)

But the day arrived soon enough, the evening followed soon after, and we found ourselves among the first to arrive at the breezy picnic grounds. First, of course, we had thumbed our noses at the alert M.P. on duty at the gate who thought we were going to town and who eyed our open collars eagerly!

The early arrivals quickly took advantage of a superabundance of cups and kegs and when Maj. Baker arrived not long after, the only outward indications of our noticing him were a few tilted eyelids and hastily repressed hiccups! Not in disrespect, of course, but in appreciation that the Major Domo of Wing 2 should think enough of us to be down early.

When Capt. Potter and Capt. Scott and wife arrived a few minutes later several women were in evidence and the beers were being gulped down quickly--so that the courage needed for 'Sansone-ing' could be marshalled in time. And at that time the long table laden with food was being systematically looted by conspicuously hungry characters, even though officially the chow was not on. But the mess sergeant was being talked under the table by a few wonderfully altruistic EM, who by the way, received nothing for their services, except a few tidbits the Mess Sgt. tossed them later on! (Before he knew what had been the purpose of it all!)



Then the Cadet Band arrived, followed by a good-sized handful of WACs, some of them being good-sized handfuls too, and riding in a hastily-organized private car convoy which did the job without too much fuss and bother, the owners of which are to be congratulated on their public-spirited 'push and go' in getting the distasteful task done.

Soon, as the breeze continued to blow our sweat away and the stars peeked out to see who was making all the noise, dancing began; and with it--all that goes with dancing. And then the noise abated somewhat as the food started traversing the Alimentary Canals and the 'lines' were far enough along so as to reach the 'private' period.

PFC Hechter, the most misunderstood EM in the outfit, was prevailed upon to MC, followed by some prevailing by a few of his friends, who preferred to make it a community affair, a few of the imbibers were imbibing with abandon by now, and Bromo Seltzer stock started zooming.

Meanwhile, some of our luckier, or shall we say--perspicacious?--companions were frolicking in the green woods surrounding the picnic grounds as they never had as children. The air was so tangy, the food and drink so wonderful, the companions so solicitous... Ah yes, 'Sansone's' disciples were in their glory!

At 11:30, when the drink was gone, the food digested, the disposition mellow, the party broke up for the most part. The others? Quiet, please!



PFC Marty Cohen, Jr. (age 10 months) has just started to walk, and is his old man proud!

Cpl. Ernest Monk Jr.'s girl, Jule, (we know her as Moitie) is coming to San Antonio on a visit from good old Brooklyn. We wonder if Ernest is going to 'Pop the Question.' In fact Ernest has promised to turn over a new leaf, because he figures he can't get married until he makes sergeant. Women, women, what they don't do to the poor males!

Recent promotions were given to the following: PFC Wendell Bassett to Cpl.; PFC Frank Ordaz to Cpl.; PFC Finis Smith to Cpl.; PFC Roy Valenzuela to Cpl.; PFC Handsel Roper to Cpl.; and PFC Antonio Saiz to Cpl. The following privates made their PFCs: George 'Woody' Johnson; Robert Pelton; Robert Johns; John Slack; Fred McCale and Burton Benedict.

The 29th has a hot volley ball team, so if there are any other outfits on the post that would like to try and give them a beating a game can be arranged by phoning the orderly room, 2395 and our 1st Sgt. will pass the word along to our boys.

Speedy recovery is the wish of all of us for our boys in the hospital, Sgt. Howard Grubaugh and Cpl. Sam Gross.

SEEN AT TECH FIELD: Our boss, Capt. H.C. Nicholson and family, out to root for SAACC. Also Capt. Ney, Lt. Keiber, Lt. De Yarmen, and Lt. McRae and their families, all baseball enthusiasts. M/Sgt. De Boer and Sgt. Phillips and their wives heckling the Randolph Ramblers (this GI would like to know the definition of Ramblers) and rooting for our own Woody Johnson. Cpl. James Craft (without his wife) Sgt. Mau Pvt. Goldman and Cpl. Valenzuela with his wife (good boy, this guy Val.). All were present and rooting for our boys.

THINGS YOU SHOULD SEE: S/Sgt. 'My' Joyce's worried look on inspection day.

S/Sgt. George 'Smiley' Schilling, bubbling over with good humor (Patience boys, patience.)

S/Sgts. Kronenberg and McMahon's conception of a Class A uniform.

And last but not least, Cpl. Craft's abdomen when bloated to five times its natural size.

And now we'll level off with the blue Pacific and waving palm trees of Southern California within a week's grasp. Furloughs are sure wonderful ----I'll vote for more of them and of longer duration.

GIs of Classification Center. The barber shop in

photoLab Clix

By S/Sgt. William Shryock

So the boys of this establishment had their 'binge,' or picnic as some say, but I'm sorry to say that I can't report any REAL repercussions from the events of that day. Nevertheless, things have been happening about the darkrooms of the place. To start off with, where in the devil did Harrell get enough money to warrant a money belt in the first place and then - why did he ask a certain S/Sgt. to hold it for him while he continued his day's work 'in the dark.' Our most studious and upright member, Brother Card, wasn't worth a whoop a few days back--someone said that he didn't get in till dawn. Maybe he's been studying 'art' with that camera he's been checking out about every other night?? Carroll seems to be having a considerable amount of trouble with the name 'Laura.' 'Double or nothing' might be his motto but I believe it's a case of wishful thinking and crossed-up dates. Clark's been doing fine with that blonde I spoke of last issue, but where was that 'C' card of her's last Friday night?

Over a period of weeks it has come to my attention that our mailman, PFC Bloom, has been returning later and later with the mail as well as other impotent data which he gathers at the Message Center. Now could it be that Casanova is pulling the wool over the eyes of a fair maid down there? Now, I don't know -- I'm just guessing about that, but how many of you are guessing that Fardatta DID keep that date with his mythical 'PX Beauty,' and especially -- 'where he said their rendezvous was to be??'

That 'gal from Seguin' has stepped into our lives again. This time she's a blonde and Pat G. is on the 'wolfing' end. What's the story, Pat?

But the Story of the Week comes from three 'rounders,' and though they may not be of the 'old School,' these three guys really get their two bits worth. The Bexar Club seems to be the place, (usually) and two sisters are the subjects, (usually). Now Crow, Adams, and Bartofoni are the unholy three but the puzzle arises when you figure that two and three just don't ryme.

Three more of the old gang came back last week, Rech, the guy with the Willys coupe he calls an automobile -- Zawadski, brute with the cigar -- and Peterson, 'the great idea man.' They've all been at Lowry 'studying' photo.

I'll close this 'thing' by warning every man that reads this column to beware of the 'Mighty' Dimmick. His bride just came down from N.Y. and he hasn't recovered yet. He's a dangerous man indeed.

Bldg. 6142 is now for the exclusive use of the EM. It is out-of-bounds for aviation students.

885TH VIEWS

By Sgt. Unto Hantunen

The ordinary layman is seldom plagued by deadlines, or similar troubles, but each week at this same time, the peaceful course of my existence is disjoined by the brittle tones of the Editor-in-Chief demanding some contribution, so I painfully sit down and try to consult with the Gods for some inspiration.

Perhaps I could muse, as did another of the correspondents last week, but then philosophy never did solve the problem.

Why bring someone's private life into the papers, after all it's his business. Such as saying, Cavanaugh passed the inspection last week, or someone is pregnant. It happens every day, it's biological so why be astounded.

Who else, except his mother, cares that Sgt. Nursall has a girl named Gypsy, and she uses a broom for transportation, due to gas shortage. It becomes her too.

Being continually confronted by the countless PT MEN around here -- the thought occurs -- why not conduct a MOST BEAUTIFUL MAN CONTEST. It should prove interesting. An appropriate gift could be given.

I still maintain that a little cheesecake in this spot would be far more ideal than the wanderings of a demented mind.

By the way, Sgt. Porter is going to visit FRIEND -- and relative. The FRIEND lives in, on, at, or around NEEDLE GREEN. The name sounds more like the brand name for the stuff Joe Baker imbibed while at home in the hills of Kentucky. All GI has to do is find the haystack.

"Morton, can I go now?"

Ragsdale, Weldon, formerly of the 885th, is now on his way to the battlefields -- presumably crossing the big pond in a waterproof bed.

The two OLD ARMY men, McAdams and Gambill were seen going over the campaigns of the GOOD OLD DAYS.

Has anyone started a SINATRA FOR PRESIDENT CLUB yet? Who do we want for vice president? THROTTLEBOTTOM!!!

"Morton, can I go now?"

Enos Slaughter flew to New York for the ball game.

Next week, I shall be on time, Morton. Have the copy boy drop over to the Menger Bar.

UNCLE SAM OFFERS GI'S SAVING OF 30¢

\$1.20 is the cost of a WD theater book---a saving of 30¢ every 10 times you go to the movies.

Male Call

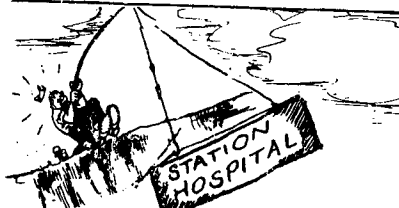
by Milton Caniff, creator of Terry and the Pirates



Slight Snaf In Cupid's Path



Copyright 1943 by Milton Caniff, distributed by Camp Newspaper Service



by Cpl. Leslie Snow & PFC John McCarthy

Slightly perturbed at the lack of energy being displayed by his gang of pick and shovel wielders during a recent PT session, Sgt. 'Curly' Palmer was heard to remark, 'If one of you fellows should faint, we'd have to wait for quitting time to find out who it was.'

PFC Carl 'Wood Butcher' Olson is planning a real dove-tail joint. Rumor has it that a certain Milly is coming out from Illinois as it takes two for this sort of union. P.S. Here's one good prospect for any of you guys whole-saling El Ropos.

The boys were really amazed at the dexterity and professional manner in which Sgt. 'We-got-the-answers' Lynch handles a pick. Oh well, those were lean years back in '29 and '30.

Our own Sgt. Torrance 'Granny' Graham left for Tarrant Field, Texas, last week accompanied by the good wishes of his many friends. Au revoir, Sergeant, and may you find continued success on your new assignment.

That 'eager beaver' wardmaster, PFC Donnie Succilla, who is always up at the crack of dawn, slept right on through last Sunday morn and what happened to the CQ responsible shouldn't happen even to a CQ. Never mind, Donald my boy, it's that type of spirit that will get us all home come Xmas.

'Anyone got a buck.' You guessed it...it's 'Put your little foot down' Perry doing his usual evening promoting.

Pvt. Richard Hill finally succumbed to the enchantment of these Texas nights and recently took a dusky San Antonio beauty as his bride. Dick, the boys in the detachment all extend their best wishes and hope all your troubles may be little ones.

Those two weekend 'Knights of the Road,' Sgt. Joe Hutnick and PFC Ray 'Moose' Harder, inform us that the Corpus Christie gobs are perfect hosts. Fed 'em, housed 'em, and even took 'em for an aerial ride over the Gulf.

Hang on, you dogfaces and gadgets around the Hill -- those four hot-shots, PFCs Orna Burrell, Paul Brown, George Blunt and John Mathers are now driving GI ambulances and it's every man for himself.

ONLY FOR THOSE THAT CAN READ!

Enlisted men are reminded that there are three libraries on the post for their convenience. The newest, for the 993rd, 28th, 71st, is located in their area of AAFCC. More than 750 books, and periodicals, can be had there. Hours are 3 to 9 P. M.

In both Service Clubs are other library facilities available to enlisted men as well as cadets. The books, on all subjects, have been increased regularly with librarians keeping records of requests so that the most popular volumes are obtained.

No longer is it required that the soldier have his CO's signature to draw a book. Library authorities found that in some cases this discouraged the timid. However, the library officers are none-the-less anxious to have books returned - and on time - so that all soldiers can use them most efficiently.



See Joe! I told you this was Arabial!

993rd Q.M. PLATOON

By Cpl. Sam Jenkins

Lt. A.M. Tavelli, has returned from a very happy and enjoyable leave. During Lt. Tavelli's absence there was a general inspection by Col. Carroll and Lt. Stern, and they were surprised to see that everyone was on the ball during the absence of a good leader.

It has been very quiet around the barracks during the absence of Sgt. Joseph Lee, PFC George Shields, Pvt. Edward Robinson and Pvt. Hermon Scypion Sr. The above named men have been granted furloughs, and H. Scypion, Sr. said inasmuch as Lt. Tavelli has given him a furlough, he is going to soldier for the man when he returns.

PFC Russell is now making reservations in the city of San Antonio for his bride, and all the members of the 993rd are wishing her a very speedy arrival.

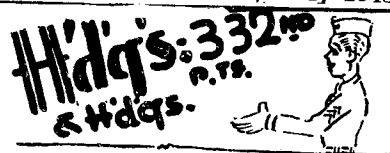
Pvt. Armstrong has just returned from a happy and enjoyable furlough.

No group or organization is greater than its leader. Sgt. Pharr's mother mailed him a very nice poem, and he was so uplifted that he decided to reform immediately, and by so doing, most of the men of the 993rd have become Church minded, the poem reads as follows:

I REMEMBER YOU

Mother, dear, I can remember
The days when I was young;
How proud you were to have me
And your work had just begun.
I know I caused you pain
At times I made you blue;
At times you nearly died with fear
But I'll make it up to you.
Since I have grown into a man
I realized what I did;
I'll never make you cry again
Or ever make you blue.
One of these days, dear Mother
I'll sit you on a throne;
I love you like no other
And I'll give you a happy home.
After this war is over, dear
No matter how stormy the weather be;
I'll always want you near
So we can be together.
Mother I am proud to be your son
And why shouldn't I be?
Even after your hard day's work
is done
You have time to comfort me.
I pray to God you'll be proud of me
I'll never let you down;
I'll be the man you want me to
And I'll always be around.
So remember, I always remember you
I'll think of you night and day;
And there will never be another
To take your place in quite
this way.

Suppose we awake ourselves, and take Mother's advice. By doing so we'll find ourselves going home much quicker than we realize.



by Sgt. Glen R. Barnard

It seems our zebra b. riffs (commonly known as old army men - and high ranking non-coms) are receiving a shake-up. At least two of our squadron's 'staunchest' members, M/Sgt. Georgie Burnett and T/Sgt. Harry (Moses) Key, have gone to the happy hunting grounds of Minnesota. Will they be picturesque as hibernating bears in the north country this winter, 'Yes suh,' they say, 'I've never seen the rivehs and and wintahs of the mawth, as yet; I've always had a desiah to see it.

But the night of the 26th of Aug., we understand, they had a party for the boys who left at a well known (?) establishment downtown. Why, they even had girls there, but, of course, not enough. From all reports, everything was forgotten--even the two boys that were leaving.

A little news item: Men in ye olde 8163 can now sleep again. Cpl. Lester Schultz has changed into a clean pair of fatigues as a result of an unfortunate accident that happened to his summer's supply of one pair of fatigues heretofore worn.

And now for our bedtime story:--

Once upon a time, the Cadet Center was a haven for broken down soldiers. They could even live away from the post that sat high on a windy hill, regardless of rank--that is, if they had a girl they could say was their wife.

Now it came to pass that the big bad wolf became a dictator and leered down at his subjects with an 'I'll throw a wrench in their cogwheels.' Suddenly from every tree and every post a sign appeared saying no married men could live off the post except the top three grades--and all the lower ranks shivered under the weight of this dictum. And, after trying all manners of escapes, these poor lower rated men resigned themselves to the inevitable and soon will be among us every night.

Now the moral here, men, is: Don't blame any of this on our old man, Maj. Edward S. Hewitt--he had nothing to do with it. Fact is, he's strictly on the ball as far as we men are concerned--even to the point of physical inspection.

DRIVE STARTED TO SECURE MEN FOR CADET TRAINING

DOOLITTLE KELLY WHEELS

Determined to produce thousands of new flyers each year, Army Air Forces schools currently have cut down to a few weeks the waiting period between application for cadet training and action on such applications. Enlisted men receive precedence over other applicants. Procedure for applying is simple.

1. Secure application form (WDAGO 60) from Aviation Cadet Examining Board (or Faculty Board) Bldg. 5400 in Classification Center.

2. Submit completed form, three letters of recommendation and birth certificate to Squadron Commanding Officer for endorsement to Aviation Cadet Examining Board.



By Bud

Of all the people who like to sleep it seems as though two of the high ranking non-coms, who by the way are among the oldest men on the hill, are going to learn how to make a bed. It seems they should know by now. How about that M/Sgt. Harp and T/Sgt. Morris?

The way of all flesh sees many EM on too many escapades and finding that gate passes are meant for a purpose, consequently, many red faces.

When it comes to the MPs checking the dog tags on the surprise check of Monday morning, many more blushings took place. The orderly room personnel was NOT excluded.

The orderly room and some few who wanted to go, went to Warnecke's camp in New Braunfels Sunday and more than enjoyed themselves, finding that the water is cold. M/Sgt. Harp found that it was a lot of effort to swim against current. M/Sgt. Kirkpatrick and 'Kirkette' enjoyed the water no end.

Monday night again at New Braunfels found a lot of the EM of the Officer's Club checking the food for the officers and to their surprise found the officers waiting on them and serving the good old GIs some delicacies that more than satisfied the GI stomach. Again, much swimming and enjoyment of the open spaces took place as guys, wives and gals strolled around and sleepy eyes resulted the morning after.

Thanks to the fellows on the Squadron detail for the appearance of the area--for the third pool table in the day room.

FOR KPs ONLY!

Two KP's at Fort MacArthur, Calif. were stopped by a colonel while carrying a steaming kettle out of the mess kitchen. "Get me a spoon," ordered the Old Man. He tasted the contents, spit vigorously and roared. "D'ya call that soup?" "No sir," was the reply. "We call it dishwater." YANK, March 19, 1943.



Sixty nine enlisted men of the 71st have merited 'Good Conduct Medals' for demonstrating fidelity through faithful and exact performance of duty, efficiency through capacity to produce desired results and whose behaviour has been such to deserve emulation. Arrangements are being made for the official awarding of these medals. Among the men receiving such medals were 4S/Sgts.; 5 Sgts.; 16 Cpls.; 37 PFCs and 7 Pvts.

A cold spell of silence came over the entire 71st when news came that Sgts. Straw and Leathers had been slated to depart for other posts. And now we say good-bye. We wish you GOD's speed. Sgt. Straw says, 'Good men are wanted everywhere.'

Approximately 80 men from the 71st attended the monthly dance given at the Picnic Grove last Friday night. Among the featured singers were Pvts. John H. (Skylark) Johnson and George H. Burse. Efficient assistance in the person of Sgt. John Wilson was present. Sgt. Straw being the biggest man, he naturally drank the most beer. (it was said) everyone reported an enjoyable evening.

A score sheet of AAF testing given to the enlisted men at SAACC, 15, Aug. 1943 revealed that 67.5 % of the men of this Squadron rated as 'Good,' which was the highest percent given to any organization of the 15 that took the test with the rating of 'Good.'

The training section of the 71st Avn. Sq. started its last Platoon under 1st Sgt. Straw. This platoon is to receive the roughest and thoroughest training of any platoon before it. This training will include Chemical Warfare; Tent Pitching; Hiking; Close Order Drill; Manual of Arms including the Pistol, Tommy Gun, and the Rifle; Interior Guard Duty, and Health and Personal Hygiene.

AND FROM THE 28TH

by S/Sgt. Joseph L. Kelly

The famous Southern Flyers along with the Harmonizing Four had a busy week as they had several important engagements. Some on the post and others in and around San Antonio. Everywhere the boys went, the audience kept clamoring for more 'Flyers' and more 'Harmonizers', which made the boys feel mighty proud. In fact, they were so proud until the old battle 'grudge argument' came out--which is the better quartet. As the question is still unsettled, this correspondent has arranged to have a Battle of Quartets on the 2nd of Sept. to let the men of the three squadrons decide. This grand battle of quartets will take place at Theater #5 at 8:00 o'clock, so remember the date and time and come and root for your favorite quartet.

The second ball at the Picnic Grove for the colored EM of SAACC on Friday, the 20th. A grand time was had by all. The men seem to go for these affairs and want to thank their COs and Lt. Nemiro of the Special Service Office, whose efforts made the entertainment possible. We look forward to more of these parties in the near future.

The band of the colored EM lost their bass fiddler when S/Sgt. Rufus C. Craven got his honorable discharge. We all hated to lose Craven. We are now looking for another fiddler, so boys if you feel the urge to be a fiddler see Sgt. Kelly and he will let you start fiddling away. Remember we want a real swing band.

THE ARTIST SEES

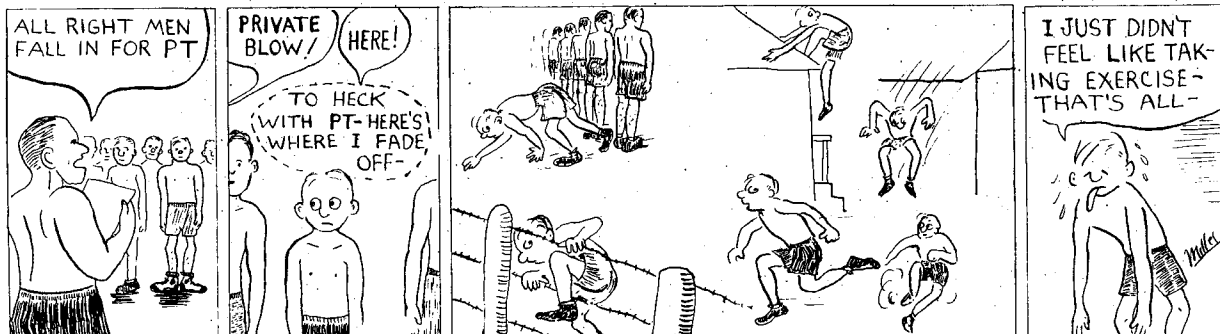
By K. R. Morrison



The Death Valley of SAACC: the gunnery range guaranteed to be the Hub of all Heat, the range limits are marked with gigantic red flags. Red is the symbol of danger or heat.

PRIVATE JOE BLOW

by PVT MERWIN MILLER



TABLES TURNED, AND LOADED

Enlisted personnel of the Officers' Club and their wives were picnic guests of the Officers' Mess Council at beautiful Camp Warnecke, located in New Braunfels.

Swimming in the rapids of the river was highly enjoyed,

followed by a barbecue. A dance, with music furnished by a group of SAACC musicians, climaxed the outing.

The picnic was presented last Monday, only day of the week when the club is closed. All members of the staff attended, accompanied by wives and friends.

While the officers present yielded to the superior ability of the club staff in the preparation of the barbecue, they did assume the role of waiters afterwards, donning long white aprons and chef's caps and serving all the picnickers.

Col. Michael F. Davis, commanding

officer of SAACC, and Mrs. Davis attended the outing.

Members of the Mess Council which tendered the picnic to the staff are Lt. Col. Albert M. Guidara, president, Captain Andrew J. Wray, secretary, Lt. Col. John M. Virden, Col. William H. Lawton and Captain Clark J. Jenkins.

Officers attending included Col. Davis, Col. Guidara, Lt. Col. Addison S. Nunn, Major George W. Wegner, Major Charles E. Shepherd, Major John W. Lockwood, Major George W. Baker, Captain Wray, Captain Harry J. Smith, Captain John D. Boyd, Captain Clyde H. Mathews, Lt. Chas. J. Giesendanner, Jr., Lt. Joseph E. Murphy and Lt. Eugene B. Martineau.



In photo no. 1 someone yelled, 'come and get it;' and the race was on.

'Step up and get it;' says Col. M.F. Davis (center). Right is Mrs. M.F. Davis and left is Capt. Harry Smith, officer in charge of the Officer's Club. ---photo no. 2.

In photo no. 3 is S/Sgt. Elmer Hart who is being served by Maj. Charles Shepherd.

Photo no. 4 is contrary to the fact that help is hard to get. The waiters on the left are Maj. George Wagner, S-1, and Capt. Clyde Mathews, PRO officer. Being served are Cpl. and Mrs. Carl Dobbs.

Even at a party you have to sweat out a line. In photo no. 5 from left to right is Mrs. Clarence Rice, Pvt. Rice, Mrs. O. Moses, Cpl. Moses, Mrs. Carl Dobbs and Cpl. Dobbs, Mrs. W.E. Miller, PFC Miller, Miss Julia Odiorne, Pfc L. C. Wilson, Pvt. C. McAdams and Mrs. McAdams.

*They brought along their Mrs.,
They polished up their stripes,
The Chaplain was amazed that day
He heard no earthly gripes.*

*The Colonel and the Captain were
at their very best,*

*The Corporal was quite blasé as
they served him with the best.*

*And so my little children, my
sweet and dear GI's*

*You may doubt my feeble fable
But the camera never lies..*

---PFC J.P. Levinson

Mrs. Rose Conring worked up an appetite as she stepped up to the hamburger counter. Waiter--Capt. Harry Smith, Cook--Col M. F. Davis.

